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BROMLEY MELMOT.

(Continued from page 210.)

CAPTAIN Harley was punctual to his promise with Melmot, and called upon him just as he had finished dressing.—"Really," said he, turning him round, "you make no contemptible figure. I think you will not disgrace my scarlet when hanging on my arm in the Mall. I should not have expected such a decent youth from an obscure parsonage in the West of England! And, now I recollect, I think you have not a bit of the Cornish dialect."

Melmot had, in fact, a remarkably handsome person; and being well made, with an easy carriage, possessed all the requisites for a man of fashion, except *impudence*, under the influence of what they call *mauvaise honte*. He hung his head, and blushed at the compliment paid him by his friend, which Percival perceiving, cried out—

"Come, come, Melmot, I shall do nothing with you, if you blush so. Should any of my brothers see you thus, I must swear you have drank too much wine. However, Melmot," said he, seeing him look grave, "do not think I wish to injure the morality of your principles: by Heaven I do not; for this levity is only assumed with my coat, and is, I am sorry to say it, as necessary an acquirement

to a guards-man as his sword; and I should be sorry to see you imitate follies which are a discredit to those who practise them."

As they rambled up and down, Melmot, fascinated by the gay manners and elegant deportment of the officers, as well as observing how much their society was courted by the most beautiful women in the town, expressed to Percival how much he should like to become one of the military.

"You are wrong, indeed, Melmot," replied Captain Harley, "to hold any commission in the army, it is necessary for a man to have an immense private fortune, to support the extravagant life they must necessarily lead; and, I assure you, my father now feels his own imprudence in purchasing me a commission. It is certainly the school for knowledge of the world; but that knowledge sometimes costs a man his future constitution and morality, merely for the advantages of forming a brilliant and numerous acquaintance. Believe me, a youth without fortune will stand but a poor chance of cutting out his fortune with his sword on the civil list. Therefore, my good fellow, let not a red coat and gorgeous epaulette dazzle your understanding. Your talents and worth may be much more profitably employed; and trust me, that the obscurity of your state shall not prevent me from cultivating your friendship, or introducing you to those whose society is not likely to prove injurious to you."

Melmot could not conceal the effusions of gratitude that sprung to his eyes, and rendered his voice almost inarticulate while he faintly endeavoured to express his feelings.

When they returned to dinner, Marianne insisted upon Melmot's taking a seat near her; adding, with a captivating smile—"You are come just in time, Mr. Melmot; for I have just discharged Lord ———; he was such an awkward dangler. I think you are qualified to fill his place—"

"By my awkwardness, I suppose, you mean, Madam," said Melmot, as he took the proffered place.

"By no means," she returned. "I rather think your politeness will atone for his Lordship's deficiency."

"But can you," replied Melmot, "condescend to accept a commoner for a peer?"

"Any thing," cried she, "for the sake of variety."

"And should you receive good treatment," said Percival, "you must attribute it to my sister's love of variety."

"Malicious creature!" exclaimed Marianne: "you always try to prejudice strangers against me."

Meanwhile Jemima had sat silent, with her eyes fixed attentively upon Melmot—"Pray, Sir," said she, at length, addressing him, "were you ever seriously in love?"

A question so abrupt wholly disconcerted Melmot; and his knife and fork fell from his hands, while all his gaiety vanished; and the sudden, yet ludicrous, distress exhibited in his countenance, occasioned a burst of laughter through the room, which increased his discomposure.—Mr. Harley, perceiving his confusion, and willing to abate it, as well as to suspend what he called the rudeness of his family, suddenly addressed him, by telling him that he was "a lucky man; for," added he, "I have this morning heard of a vacancy in the Secretary of State's office, which I can get for asking; so you may keep your two hundred pounds to figure away with. You will have nothing to do but go to Whitehall at ten o'clock, and write till five: the rest of the day you may do as you please; and as our hours will not suit you when engaged with business, Percival may seek you out genteel apartments. And, remember, I shall expect to hear how you go on, at least once a day."

Melmot was obliged to diminish the proportion of his thanks to the humour of his benefactor, and the subject was dropped.

At the theatre Melmot was charmed with the splendour and beauty of the surrounding objects, as well as with the merits of the eminent performers who played, and he returned home highly delighted with the entertainment of the evening. But though Pleasure's fascinating sway had for a while banished all uneasy reflections, on his pillow they returned with full force. The simple, unaffected innocence of Maria lost none of its attractions, even when compared with the luxuriant beauties with which London abounds; and he felt that, although dissipation and shew may for a while dazzle the senses, permanent happiness was not to be found beneath their gaudy trappings. He rose early, im-

patient to inform his beloved friends in the country of his happiness and success, and began a journal, which he determined to continue with the utmost punctuality. Insensibly, however, he found that the occupations in which he was hourly engaged considerably abridged his time, and his rest was nightly robbed of some hours in the completion of his journal.

One morning Captain Harley entered his chamber very early, for him; and, throwing himself into a chair, said—"Melmot, I think I can depend upon your honour, and that the secret I am about to confide in you will be secure, I love, and have reason to believe I am not indifferent to, an amiable woman. Pecuniary embarrassments on her side precludes the possibility of our union; but we are irrevocably engaged. She lives with a friend, a widow woman of fashion, and has lately lost her mother. They have a large house, part of which the widow usually lets to a single gentleman; as I would prefer your being there to a stranger, I will recommend you to take the apartments. You will find Susanna an agreeable girl; and the widow will, as my friend, treat you with every politeness in her power.

Melmot was pleased at his proposal, and prepared immediately to accompany him to engage the apartments; and, to his no small surprise, found his friend's Susanna was the identical young lady with whom he had been so much captivated in the mail coach. Captain Harley was no less astonished to find them already acquainted, and the eclaircissement was agreeable on all sides. It was consequently agreed, that, as Melmot's annual salary was fixed at one hundred and fifty guineas, he was to pay sixty pounds a year for his board and lodging, which, by his living in the 'family way,' was a moderate calculation, and he was to take possession that night. He accordingly inclosed in his letter to Mr. Bromley the two hundred pounds which he had brought with him; entreating him to excuse his acceptance of it, but to employ it in the purchase of a more eligible habitation, which, from the overplus of his own salary, he should be very well able to support them in. To this he soon received a most affectionate answer from his uncle, and the following from Maria.

"YOUR letter, dear Melmot, was the first piece of happiness I have received since your departure: indeed, I have had a most uncommon share of ill luck of late. Our dear Mr. Bromley has been laid up with the gout; and between him and my poor mother, who is in a dangerous way I am wearied out with incessant watching; for how could I leave him wholly to Mrs. Nettleby, who, not having the reason to love him that I have, might be unable to bestow upon him a thousand little attentions in my power to shew? If you were here, indeed, I should be better able to support it all; for when we used to stray to and from the cottage, I seemed light, as your arm supported me; but now, grief has made me heavy, and I am often forced to sit for rest upon the little stile where we first met. I dare say you remember it; I am sure it ran in my head night and day: but, worse than all, Lord Morton was recalled from his travels by the death of his father, and he is now Lord Brancestown. Would you believe it,—he came and offered me his hand, heart, fortune, and title!—but I scorned it, as I did him; and assured him, that his additional title gave him no additional merit in my eyes. He was in a terrible rage—called you a 'Parson's Puppy!'———I could have torn his hated eyes out!———and swore he would be revenged. Parliament in London obliged him to leave Leskard, so I shall be troubled with him no more, thank God! But as he is in London, I tremble lest his anger should extend to you; for who knows what a bad man would do? I am sure, he that could attempt to use an innocent and virtuous girl ill, would stop at no villainy, however execrable. And now, dear Melmot, let me caution you to be very careful of meeting him; and be sure never to stay out after dark; for, though you are much superior to him in strength and agility, he may have desperate weapons in his pockets, and then, how could you strive against him? When I think of it, it makes me very unhappy, and I dream of you incessantly; but I have no cause to grieve, for your late letter was kind—very kind; and your dear, generous attention to our wants gave comfort to my heart.

"Never may the London beauties estrange from your heart your humble, though constant,

"MARIA WILLIAMS."

For the first time, Melmot now perceived the refinement his taste had so generally experienced, and the unadorned language of Maria struck him most forcibly; but her simplicity, piety, and affectionate solicitude, inspired him with renewed love; and her artless caution of his not "staying out after dark," provoked his risibility so much, that his laughter could not be restrained, and he indulged it most heartily, till the entrance of Percival interrupted him.—He insisted upon knowing the cause of his mirth; and Melmot, thinking it ungenerous to conceal any thing from such a good friend, explained to him his situation, and shewed him the letter, which affected him in the same manner; but, after a moment's pause, gave it back into Melmot's hand with a serious air, saying—"My dear friend, though I laugh at Maria's caution, I revere her sensations; and if you could ever be such a villain as to despise a woman whom you have first professed to love, and who gives you such proofs of her affection, I have nothing further to say to you. It is my wish and intention to shew you the world; but my meaning by so doing, is to prevent my office being forestalled by those, who would probably take advantage of your inexperience, dress Vice in its most alluring colours, and trample Virtue beneath their feet; and though my example may, perhaps, lead you into a few errors, it must depend upon the goodness of your heart to settle all your wandering affections in the right point."

"I never wish to see the world, then," replied Melmot, "if there is so much danger in the acquisition of knowledge."

"Then you are dubious of your own integrity?" replied the other.

"No," said Melmot, hesitating: "but, you know, if I am not exposed to temptation, there is not so much probability of my erring."

"Admirable logic!" cried the Captain: "so you would bravely turn your back upon the enemy, lest your face should be spoiled with their grape shot:—a pretty fellow, truly!—No, no, Melmot; you were born to fill a more active sphere than that to which you seem at present inclined. You are but eighteen; at twenty-five you will preach

a different doctrine; and though I think you are not calculated for a libertine, I expect to see you more a man of the world. It is necessary, absolutely necessary, to screen ourselves from the villany that is to be met with in every provincial town."

Melmot seemed still discontented: he could not perceive the utility of reaping knowledge at such a prodigious hazard, and would have been far better contented to sit down with a humble competence with his Maria, than to acquire wealth which he must be obliged to dissipate in pursuits that did not accord with his inclination.

Mr. Harley was too much occupied in the business of the senate to attend to his proceedings, and now contented himself with sometimes enquiring into the state of his finances, and desiring his family to shew him every attention possible, in which every individual would have been very unwilling to fail.

Captain Harley having discharged his own man, for some misdemeanour, and wishing for a country lad to fill his place, Melmot, thinking it would be a comfortable establishment for Tom Butley, when he wrote to Leskard mentioned it to Mr. Bromley, who immediately accommodated matters with his parents, and Tom was dispatched to town to take possession of his new post. Previous to his departure Mrs. Nettleby had, under the pretence of the most heart-felt good-will to the family, bribed him to remit her punctual intelligence of all Melmot's transactions in town; and, owing to Mr. Bromley's kindness, he was very well enabled to fulfil his promise. The letters he brought Melmot contained an account that Mrs. Williams, was no more; also, that, according to his promise before her death, Mr. Bromley had taken Maria wholly under his own care.—Maria's letter, as usual, breathed nothing but tender love and solicitude for his welfare.

In the society of Miss Susanna Newcombe, Melmot felt the greatest pleasure; and as the mutual confidence in which the Captain and himself lived precluded all reserve, he soon confided to Susanna the history of his Maria; enumerated to her her virtues; and expressed how much it was his wish that they might some day become friends. In this wish Susanna, with unfeigned sincerity, joined; and par-

ticipated with so much sympathy in all his joys and griefs, that his love for her was scarcely inferior to that he bore Maria.

He frequently visited at Mr. Harley's, and was always considered as one in the parties of pleasure formed by those ladies; and the gay Marianne honoured him with her perfect confidence.

Dining one day with Percival at a tavern, Melmot happened to be in company with Lord Melfort, with whose amiable manners, refined conversation, and elegant appearance he became instantly captivated. His Lordship was a pupil of the Chesterfield system; and, possesing the art of pleasing in a most eminent degree, failed not to be admired in all circles; though the libertinism of his character was generally known, it was glossed over by so many palliatives, that it soon ceased to alarm. Attracted by the ingeniousness of Melmot, his Lordship quickly ingratiated himself into his favour; and, notwithstanding the admonitions of Percival, prevailed upon him to cultivate the acquaintance. The Captain, somewhat piqued at Melmot's neglect of his counsels, gradually sunk into reserve; and Melmot, naturally proud-spirited, and not wishing to force himself upon any one, suffered an intimacy, that while it lasted gave him the greatest happiness, imperceptibly to decline.

Mentioning to his Lordship, one day, his adventures in the mail coach, Lord Melfort laughed, and assured him it was only his valet who gave himself such airs of importance.

—"And do you encourage such conduct, my Lord?" asked Melmot, with the utmost seriousness of countenance.

"It is impossible to avoid it," replied Lord Melfort; "for while the fellows wear our cast cloaths, transact our business, and are civil to our faces, we cannot help their aping our manners behind our backs; for while they keep our secrets, they most infallibly contract an authority over us, which it is not in our power to escape from. But, pray, if you are from the West, do you know a clergyman of the name of Bromley?"

Melmot looked surprised, but, with unusual prudence, suppressed his natural candour, and replied—

"I know there is such a person. Has your Lordship any acquaintance with him?"

Lord Melfort paused, then added—"No, no—Nothing—only I sent my man about a little business———He has a nephew, or son, or something—" his Lordship added, with a significant smile.

If prudence before restrained the tongue of Melmot, resentment, and a mixture of sensations he could not account for, now kept him wholly silent.

Lord Melfort resumed—"I had a little affair of gallantry there, that's all. Let's go to dinner—it is near six o'clock."

Melmot put on his hat, and pretended to go, his mind wholly occupied with Lord Melfort's 'affair of gallantry,' which he doubted not was concerning Lord Morton's designs upon Maria; and he determined to watch his Lordship so narrowly, that the smallest circumstance should not escape his observation. After dinner the glass circulated freely, and Melmot, after drinking several constitutional toasts, much to the injury of his own constitution, was called upon for a lady; and immediately, fixing his eyes earnestly upon Lord Melfort, gave—'Maria Williams.'

His Lordship regarded Melmot attentively: his pale countenance evincing his agitation, Melmot, taking this as a confirmation, and filled with rage, drank glass after glass, with a rapidity that soon left him senseless in the chair; and Captain Harley coming into the room soon after, and perceiving the situation of his friend, made Tom call a coach, into which they assisted him, and had him instantly conveyed home. In the morning Percival again came to him; remonstrated with him on the enormity he had been guilty of, and entreated him to drop the acquaintance of Lord Melfort.

Melmot, full of contrition for his past offence, opened to Percival his whole mind, and entreated his advice how to act with regard to Lord Melfort. Captain Harley requested him to let the matter rest, as Maria was, from her own account, safe from his friend's reach, and had little to fear while with Mr. Bromley. To this Melmot assented,

and his friendship with Percival was renewed with increasing ardour. He was seconded in his resolution by Lord Melfort, who, from the late incident, seemed not to solicit any further connection.

A letter which he received from Mr. Bromley, soon after, gave him the most severe uneasiness; as it was dictated in a style of reproof, which he thought nothing less than the utmost atrociousness could have provoked. Part of it ran thus:—

"It pains me, Melmot, to hear of your proceedings. Did you think, that, because far removed from my eye, your actions would be veiled in secresy? or that, because no longer dependent upon me for support, I was become careless of your happiness? Is it thus you repay the affection of a virtuous girl, by residing in the same house with the mistress of that profligate fellow upon whom you lavished such fallacious encomiums? And is it thus, in intoxication and revelry, you squander that money which should be appropriated to the support of your Maria: But think not I will see her sacrificed to such profligacy? sooner shall the dear, affectionate girl share my poor pittance, than feast at the luxurious table of baseness and profligacy! I accuse not without certain proof; and all attempts at justification, or discovery of the informer, will be treated with contempt. I am inclined to judge favourably of you, and should be grieved to find you wholly unworthy of my regard; but I must have more convincing proofs of your innocence than your bare asseveration.—In hopes you can safely assure me of your innocence and rectitude, I still remain your affectionate friend,

"T. Bromley."

Transported with grief, Melmot flew to Captain Harley, and shewed him the cruel letter he had just received, and demanded, in explicit terms, if he really kept Miss Newcombe. Percival replied, with the utmost coolness—

"My father does."

"Your father does." reiterated Melmot, half choaked with grief, anger, and surprise—"Is it possible!"

"Very possible," rejoined Percival; "for as she is at present entirely destitute, without the generous bounty of

my father, she could scarcely subsist!" He turned aside to conceal the tears that forced their passage to his cheeks.

Melmot was reconciled—"And is that all?" he asked, with a look as if half incredulous.

"Think you," said Percival, reproachfully, "that my sisters would visit her, if she were not of unblemished character?"

This at once brought conviction to the agonized mind of Melmot, and he instantly sat down to exculpate himself from the most heavy charge brought against him: as to the night's debauch into which he had been so deluded, he was incapable of pleading a satisfactory excuse: therefore contented himself with acknowledging his fault, and throwing himself entirely upon his uncle's mercy for forgiveness.

The letter from Maria, which accompanied Mr. Bromley's, was filled with tender reproaches for his long and unkind silence, the justice of which reproof he was unwilling to acknowledge, and complaints of Mrs. Nettleby's perpetual ill usage.

Percival retired overwhelmed with grief at the uncharitable construction put upon his honourable attachment to Susanna, and with a determination directly to implore his father's consent to their union.

When Percival sought Susanna, to acquaint her with his intentions, she entreated him, with the utmost earnestness, to abandon his design, protesting that it was impossible for her, at present, to explain to him her reasons for the request; and that she could not yet, if even it were his father's wish, marry him. "At another time," added she, "you shall know my history; at present I have not spirits sufficient for the task. I am even myself ignorant of my parent's real names, nor can the secret be discovered until I attain my twentieth year, when a packet, which is now in my possession, may be opened, and I shall be at liberty to claim that as my right, which has been, for want of proper authenticity, hitherto withheld. One short week will put an end to all suspense on the subject, and we shall then know whether I am at liberty to bestow my hand where my wishes point."

Percival was forced to rest satisfied with this decision.—In the interim Melmot waited impatiently an answer to his vindication, and was inexpressibly grieved to find it remain unnoticed, as well as that he had written to Maria. However the long-expected letter came; Melmot trembled as he saw on the superscription a hand to which he was a perfect stranger, and read, in the contents, words which petrified him.

"Dear Mr. Melmot,

"Your uncle is so much incensed at your late misconduct, that he refuses to accept any excuse; and, but that I value your peace of mind so much, I should hardly have dared to run the risk of his displeasure that I do, by sending you this piece of bad news: but I trust that you have too much honour to betray me. The case is, that Miss Maria has proved, as I always said she would, a good-for-nothing hussey!—and has voluntarily quitted your kind uncle's protection, to live with that Lord she made so much fuss about.

"On Sunday Mr. Bromley was obliged to attend duty in a parish about ten miles distant, and, owing a visit to a friend who lived some little way further, left word that he should not return that night. Accordingly we all went to bed at the usual time, and, in the morning, when I went to call Maria, I found the bed made, and no one there.—The note I have sent with this, was on the table; and on looking over her box, I found she had taken a number of her cloaths with her. Mr. Bromley is so much exasperated against her for her base ingratitude, that he has sworn never to see or hear from either of you again: you, therefore, perceive that all attempts to write to him will be useless, as your letters will be returned unopened.

"Yours,

"MARTHA NETTLEBY."

The note inclosed ran thus:—

"I fly from an event that must involve me in endless misery. Do you, dear Sir, pardon the step I have taken, the motives for which must, for the present, be concealed; but I beg you will not suffer any disturbance to be made about my absence, as I am safe, and go with

my entire good-will. You may soon hear again from your dutiful and affectionate MARIA."

"Perfidious girl!" cried Melmot, throwing the letter down, and trampling it with his feet;——"can this be the once pure and artless Maria!—Oh! what a sweetness beamed in her tearful eyes, as she bade me adieu—when her arms fondly encircled my neck, and when she vowed evermore to love me!" The remembrance melted him to tears; and again the unkindness of Mr. Bromley rushed upon his mind, and, hastily snatching a pen from the standish, he began to give Mrs. Nettleby a recapitulation of every transaction during the eighteen months he had been in London; imploring her to intercede with Mr. Bromley, and explain to him the particulars. This he dispatched, and had the mortification to learn, for answer, that his uncle positively forbade his name being ever mentioned in the house; and Mrs. Nettleby assured him she must decline all further correspondence with him.

All Melmot's grief now gave way to resentment, at this contemptuous obstinacy, and he determined no longer to importune them for that favour he had never deserved to lose.

Percival, through a good-natured error, and fearing that a too close reflection on the injuries he had sustained might affect his reason, dragged him about incessantly from one place of amusement to another. While the unhappy Melmot, no longer careful of his fate, fell into excesses as injurious to his health as character, he had still a faint hope of sometime catching a glimpse of Maria, who he doubted not was in London.—His reason thus obscured, Melmot soon became an adept in every fashionable vice; and, heedless of the exhortations daily given him by Captain Harley, plunged into every species of extravagance, and greatly exceeded the bounds of his annual income.

Lamenting to Percival, one day, his ill luck at Brookes's, and the impaired state of his finances, the Captain addressed him with a seriousness of manner that he seldom assumed, except upon circumstances of a very particular nature.—

"If you would amend the profligacy of manners you have lately adopted, Melmot, I could recommend a plan, which I think, would both repair your broken fortune and happiness; at the same time that it would be the means of securing to you the favour of my father, which your recent conduct seems very likely to remove."

"Name it," cried Melmot, eagerly.

"By marrying my sister, Marianne."

Melmot was irritated——"Do you mean to banter me, Percival?"

"No—by Heaven!" said Percival, striking his breast with solemnity: "but knowing you are now disengaged from Maria———"

Melmot paced the room in agony; and Percival continued——"I have thought proper to divulge a secret I have long known:—Marianne, notwithstanding the levity of her manners, is susceptible of tender emotions; and, from your first introduction into this family, has beheld you with increasing partiality. She is amiable, and her fortune will be considerable."

"And do you think, Sir," said Melmot, with an air of insulted dignity, "that I could be that wretch to offer your sister the hand of a man destitute of family, friends, or fortune?—With a heart racked and torn by the pangs of despairing love, and an image in my breast, that, in spite of the wrongs I have suffered, can never be erased;—could I profane her virtues, in an union with such a rascal!—or, in the hope of recruiting my own circumstances, drag a worthy girl to perdition!

"Dear Melmot, be calm," cried Percival, endeavouring to compose the distraction of his mind: "you view things through a false medium; you are not, I know, such a worthless wretch. But consider, instead of involving Marianne in the misery you picture, it is in your power to make her a happy woman. She loves you, and love will not teach her to think highly of your faults, and, trust me, happiness cannot be lost to you forever, while it is left in your power to confer it upon others. By dispensing plea-

sure to those about you, you must infallibly (unless callous to every laudable feeling) partake it yourself: and I am convinced that the exertion of that good sense I know you possess, will shew you the propriety of relinquishing an idea, that may, with honour, now be wholly abandoned."

Melmot remained silent, through conviction and grief; but, after a pause, flinging himself into the arms of his friend, he sobbed—"I will struggle—Give me but a short time, and I will be all you wish."

Percival, not chusing to dwell too long upon a subject that must be irksome to him, withdrew, and left him to his meditations; insisting upon his accompanying the family that night to the theatre.

Melmot continued distracted with a thousand various passions: at one moment, he thought there might be a possibilty of Maria's innocence; but still that hated note intercepted all his hopes, and, in a phrenzy of despair, he tore it to atoms; then, almost melancholy, dressed for his evening's appointment. It was his lot, either by design or accident, to squire Marianne. As he paid his compliments, he was struck with the alteration of her appearance: all her former gaiety was lost in a bewitching langour, and her eyes, suffused with tears of affection and pity, beamed on him with such sympathizing sweetness, that his gratitude was irresistibly engaged. At his approach, her cheeks were bespread with a glow of consciousness; and the smile she thought necessary to put on was evidently the offspring of constraint. As he took her hand to lead her to the carriage, he felt it tremble: all the tender emotions of his heart were called up, and he pressed it with a fervour to his breast that brought tears into his eyes. Melmot seemed to attend little to the performance: his mind was engrossed by his own peculiar fate; and Marianne, renewing her gaiety, tried every little blandishment to wean his mind from its corroding cares. The loud laugh of some women in an upper box roused Melmot from his temporary stupefaction, and, looking up, his eyes were blasted by the sight of Maria, between two women of improper character!

For a moment he could scarcely believe his senses; for the improved beauty of her face, and elegance of her dress, almost precluded the possibility of recognition; till, ob-

serving him, she rose, and beckoned him with one of those enchanting smiles which used once so much to fascinate him. Filled with disgust at her matchless effrontery, he turned from her; and, unconscious of the action, covered his eyes with his hands, and reclined his head on the shoulder of Marianne. Percival reminded him of his error; and added—

"See, Melmot—you are beckoned."

Marianne turned pale; and, rising, said—"Let us quit the house—we are remarked."

Melmot, shuddering, cast a look at the box where he had seen Maria, but the party had quitted it, and he returned with Miss Harley; but finding himself incapable of conversation that night, obtained permission to retire. He flung himself on his bed in an agony not to be imagined, and the distress of his mind brought on an alarming fever, which confined him for a week. The violence of his paroxysm at length abated, and, with returning health, all remembrance of the faithless Maria seemed obliterated, and he determined to give himself up a sacrifice to friendship; for he plainly perceived that his courtesy to Miss Marianne would greatly raise him in the estimation of Percival, in whose wishes Susanna also participated; and as her tender and unremitting care of him during his recent malady entitled her to every recompense in his power, he determined no selfish consideration should induce him to delay what would so eminently conduce to their satisfaction.

It is now necessary to return to the inhabitants of Saltash, where, as soon as the departure of Melmot was confirmed beyond a doubt, Mrs. Nettleby gave a loose to her rancour against the innocent usurper of what she termed her rights; which rights consisted of the best sleeping apartment, the seat at the head of the table, and the regulation of the daily household expenditures; points, which she conceived her dignity lessened by being deprived of. She saw, also, the utmost parental fondness of Mr. Bromley for his lovely orphan.

Meanwhile Maria, ignorant of the enemy who was endeavouring to destroy her repose, felt no sorrow but what the absence of her lover created. At length she perceived

Mr. Bromley more attentive to Mrs. Nettleby, and their private conferences often lasted a considerable time. The latter had received from her ignorant agent, Tom, an account of Melmot, which, through inattention, had exaggerated his foibles, and gave them the appearance of vices. One passage in his letter ran as follows :—

"I am likewise, Ma'am, sorry to say, that my young Master, though very kind, indeed, to me, is but a *harum-scarum* sort of a gentleman. There is a very pretty girl where Mr. Melmot lodges ; and, for all they say she lives with her aunt, Lord Melfort's footman told, me in confidence, was no better than an old Harridan : and told me, also, that his Lord made very great proposals to her, which she refused, because there was articles of agreement between her and Captain Harley. But he seems to think that Mr. Melmot is not so badly treated. In fact, it is true they are very much together ; and the other night I had to assist the Captain in taking him home, so drunk, that he could not stand. Sad doings these are, I am sure. I never could have thought young Mr. Bromley could be such a reprobate : but this London is such a wicked place, that young men are driven into desperate ways.— And, what's worse than all, it is reported that he is going to marry Miss Harley : but, for my part, I cannot think he would be such a base fellow (saving his presence) to desert his pretty sweetheart in Saltash ; for you know, Ma'am, it would be a wicked thing. I hope, howsomever, you will not tell good Mr. Bromley of this, for it would make him very unhappy ; and as for Miss Maria, it would, for certain, break her heart. So, honoured Madam, no more at present from your servant to command,

"THOMAS BUTLEY."

Fraught with this (to her) delightful intelligence, Mrs. Nettleby hasted to Mr. Bromley, and, after making the most artful and plausible pretences for encouraging the boy to relate the particulars, shewed him the letter ; wishing, as she said, to caution him against the viper he was fostering in his bosom.

Mr. Bromley felt more grief than resentment—"Unhappy boy !" he exclaimed ; "too late, I see that nature will prevail over the prejudices of education. I have en-

deavoured, Heaven knows with how much zeal, to lead his steps to virtue; but the depravity of his father also sways his disposition, and renders my efforts ineffectual. But he may be weaned from his errors; at least I will try my power over him. He was once gentle and affectionate: can he so soon have undergone such a decided change!"

He wiped the tears from his cheeks, and wrote the letter that gave Melmot so much uneasiness. His answer, however Mrs. Nettleby took care to suppress; and as his letter to Maria contained nothing but expressions of tenderness, she suffered that to reach its destination.

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried he, in an agony of sorrow; "he is callous to all feelings; and even my admonitions have lost their force. But I will abandon him to his vices, which will in time prove his sufficient punishment. Maria shall not be driven to misery by a boy so despicable—her worth demands a better fate; and he shall find, the favour he so lightly values, is of too much importance to be thrown away upon an ingrate!"

The deluded Mr. Bromley laid his commands upon Maria to think no more of Melmot, and left her with the heart-rending intelligence of his unworthiness. From that period all their letters were intercepted, and of course the correspondence ceased. Still Maria suspected that the account of Melmot's unworthiness originated in a secret enemy, and her suspicions fell upon Mrs. Nettleby, who was ever an object of dislike, and now of perfect abhorrence. That Melmot, once so pure, so generous, and so faithful, should so soon become an abandoned libertine, was too grievous an idea to be supported. Great as the profligacy of London might be, her heart still cherished his image with fondness, and refused to habour an idea of his demerit. Her fluctuating thoughts were soon directed into another channel, by a billet which she found at the bottom of the garden wall, the Sunday evening when Mr. Bromley was so unfortunately absent. She hastily tore it open, and read, with the utmost perturbation, the following lines—

"Haste, unhappy girl, to secure yourself from the danger that awaits you. Mrs. Nettleby is your enemy; she has leagued with the detested Lord Brauncestown to put you in his power; and this night

you will be the victim of their infernal schemes, if you disregard the admonition of a friend. Seek, in the arms a faithful lover, that protection a feeble old man can but ill afford you; but betray not to any one the circumstances of your flight. Leave a note for Mr. Bromley, to satisfy him of your safety; and fail not to be at the garden-gate at twelve to-night, when you shall be taken to a place of security and happiness.

"A Real Friend."

Maria knew not what to do: beset with dangers and troubles, without a single friend to whom she could turn for advice in this dangerous affair! Fear, for the present, dispersed all thoughts of the future, and Maria determined upon following the advice of her friendly monitor, not thinking that the separation from her loved guardian would be more than a temporary departure. To excuse her conduct, she wrote the note which Mrs. Nettleby so charitably inclosed to Melmot, and, with unresisted tears, placed it on the table of her paternal, tender, beloved friend; then employed the intervening time between the present and the appointed hour in examining her little wardrobe, and selecting those things she meant to take with her in her uncertain journey. Kneeling with pious fervour, in her chamber, she implored the protection of that Almighty power which had never deserted her.

She made it her care to secure all the precious letters of her Melmot; the pin that he had taken from his own bosom, at his departure, and placed in her's; as also the long tress of his chesnut hair, which his own hands had plaited and tied on her neck; all these were talismans, that seemed to carry along with them secret assurance of her safety, and were to her more valuable than the richest gems.

Before the clock struck twelve she stole into the apartment of Mr. Bromley, knelt at his bed-side, and kissed the pillow which his head was used to press, and with pious fraud stole the little toothpick-case, that lay on his bureau, and which had been found in the pocket of the hapless Frances. Descending the stairs with the utmost caution, she reached the garden-gate immediately. She stood, almost determined to turn back, fearless of every thing but the present evil; but again her ill-starred deity impelled her

forward, and with trembling hands she lifted the latch. A man, muffled up, was in waiting. She drew back with terror, as he stretched forth his hand towards her: a presentiment of evil darted across her mind, and his touch almost petrified her.—

"Fear not, Madam," said he, in a low voice; "you will be safe enough under my protection;——let Melmot thank me for my care."

The well-known, much loved name revived her—— "Speak—oh, speak!" she cried;—"is he near?"

He pressed her hand gently, as if to assure her, and replied—"Not actually near; but you shall see him."

"Oh—thank Heaven!" she cried: "my heart was almost sinking; but you have given me happiness!"

Wrapt in the delightful delirium of his unabated love for her, she suffered the stranger to lift her into the carriage, and they drove off on full speed.

At the return of Mr. Bromley, the news of Maria's absence, like a shock of electricity, shook every fibre of his frame; and at one stroke happiness was wrested from him. Mrs. Nettleby's extravagant grief disgusted him, and he had too much sense to believe that sorrow, for one whom she had always professed to hate, could so deeply affect a heart never of the most susceptible nature. He drooped, and declined daily; and, at the time Mrs. Nettleby wrote the benevolent letter to Melmot, Mr. Bromley was lying at the point of death; and, in the paroxysm of his malady, calling for the consolation of his still dear nephew.

—Why—oh! why is it that virtue should bear all the infelicities of Vice; while we daily see Infamy, Hypocrisy, and falsehood, flourishing in the world? Is it not a demonstration, that there is a world where the just shall be rewarded—where the Unhappy shall cease to suffer—and where the Guilty shall meet the punishment due to their depravity?—We were not created for perpetual misery!—and the afflictions we undergo in this state, are but trials of that faith which shall bring us to a permanent possession of felicity!—

(To be concluded in our next.)

GRAMMATICAL EPISTLE.

To Miss SALLY SYNTAX.

MADAM,

AMONGST the *numeral prepositions* towards a matrimonial *union* with your amiable *person*, I hope you'll not *decline* the *interjection* of my preliminary pretences. I should not wish to be a mere *noun adjective* to you in all *cases*, but I *positively* declare, that *comparitively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy to agree with you in the *subjunctive mood*. I trust you'll not opiniate me singular, for desiring to have the *plural* in my family; I shall fabricate no *verbal* oration, to prove how I long to have our affections in *common of two*: but I presume, that in case of a *conjunction copulative*, you'll use no *indicative* solicitation to be in the *imperative mood*, as I am determined to be in the *potential active*, while you are in the *future passive*, or in the *supine*: for it is the *optative* of my soul to become your *relative*, by the *antecedent* of *regular conjugation*, as this alone can constitute a *lawful concord* with the *feminine gender*, and afford us a *participle* of *substantive happiness*. Every *article possessive* or *genitive* shall become a *dative translation* to you; nothing shall be *accusative* against your *government*; and your sweet *nominative* without a *pronoun* or even *adverb* shall be my *vocative*, till death the great *ablative* of all living, by the *gradual declension* of our corporal nature puts a *final termination* to the *present tense*, and time through an *infinite progression* of ages may render us *preterperfect* in the *future tense*; in the interium my *principal part of speech* in its *primitive* or *derivative extension* is to the end that you may put the most charitable *construction* on this *simple preposition*, and that your *definitive resolution* may be *consonant* to the wishes of your very *indeclinable* lover

MICHAEL DE MARIBUS.

ON LAUGHING.

TO form a true judgment of a person's temper, begin with an observation on his *laugh*; for people are never so unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face; but for method sake, it will be necessary to point out the several kinds of laughing, under the following heads:

The Dimplers.—The Smilers.—The Laughers.—The Grinners.—The Horse-laughers.

The Dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover.—This was called by the ancients, the chain-laugh.

The Smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue; it expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, and does not disorder the features too much, and therefore is practised by lovers of the most delicate address.

The Laugh, among us, is the common *risus* of the ancients, and breaks forth spontaneously.

The Grin is generally made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The Horse-laugh is used with great success, in all kinds of disputation. The proficients, in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This, upon all occasions, supplies the want of reason, and is received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude has a wonderful esteem for the chain-laugh or dimple; she looks upon all other kinds of laughter as *excessives* of levity, and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests, to disorder her features with a smile; her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character; all her modesty seems collected into her face, and but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dim-

ple. The effeminate fop, by the long exercise of his countenance, at the glass, is in the same situation, and you may generally see him admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The young widow is only a chain for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathise with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rule of decency is never allowed to smile, till the first offer or advance to her is over.

The wag generally calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which some people term sneerers. They always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature; but they should consider, that let them do what they will, they never can laugh away their own folly by sneering at other people's.

The coquet has a great deal of the sneerer in her composition; but she must be allowed to be a proficient in laughter, and one who can run through all the exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple--accosts the fop with a smile—joins with the wit in a downright laugh:—to vary the air of her countenance, she frequently rallies with a grin—and when she hath ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, she, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse laugh.

Thoughts on Human Happiness.

MUCH has been said, at different periods of the world, on the subject of human happiness. Many expedients have been formed, by ingenious speculatists, for the attainment of this sublunary felicity; various have been the plans proposed, to facilitate the acquisition of this phantom of the imagination; as if it were possible for the powers of the human intellect to remain stationary, under any situation we can be placed in. Corporeal gratifications, we all know, are of transient duration, and to many of

them, even those accounted the most exquisitely pleasing, not only satiety, but disgust and langour succeed.

Intellectual enjoyments (which are certainly the most alluring) are evanescent and fleeting; seldom affording that pleasing gratification that our sanguine expectations vainly anticipated. It may naturally be demanded what is the cause of this grevious disappointment?

There appears to be many cogent reasons, why the mind never enjoys unmixed felicity in this state of existence; the principal one however is, that we are too apt to promise ourselves greater degrees of happiness, than the nature of things can possibly bestow; when we are in pursuit of any promising gratification, we generally contemplate it in an abstract sense, as not being connected with contingent concomitants. We readily grant, that, in general, all human joys are imperfect: but do not we entertain a kind of mental reservation in favour of our own sagacity and prudence? Are we not apt to suppose that, in the general mode of human conduct, men frustrate the end of gratifications, by some mischievous injudicious management, for which they only are culpable; but which we trust our nicer judgment will turn to a better account.

The various ways by which the vanity of man deceives him, and counteracts even his best resolutions, are so numerous, that no person in any degree acquainted with himself, will deny, that, on many occasions, he has conceived thoughts of his own superior prudence and discretion, that he would be ashamed to own. That these mistaken conclusions in our own favour, are among the many eccentricities of the human mind, most persons will doubtless admit: and from this single circumstance we have been led to form fallacious notions of the nature of human happiness. It would be arrogant in me, not to acknowledge, that I have been repeatedly deluded in the participation of intellectual gratifications, by expecting a greater degree of satisfaction from them than the nature of things will admit.

For the consolation and encouragement of young persons, who wish to fill up the measure of their duty in social life; it is but just to inform them, that if they preserve themselves untainted by vice, which is constantly holding

forth its illusive joys, they may find, in the intervals of their leisure moments, harmless amusements that will leave no sting behind them. Youth, full of gay thoughts and pleasing expectations, imagine that they will find, in a full scope of exquisite gratifications, as much happiness in a few months, as, in the usual gradation of human pleasures, are experienced in a whole age. The modern man of pleasure supposes, that the *Old Put*, his father, does not know how to enjoy life; his grave admonitions, (the fruits of many years observation and experience) are considered as *stale maxims*, resulting from a total incapacity of enjoying life. Thus deluded by his own vanity, and the empty applause of raw boys, he rushes into every scene of dissipation, ruins his constitution, his reputation, and his fortune.

To the Young men of the age, I would further observe, that if they cultivate the habits of virtue, they will not, in the end, have just cause to declare that all is vanity; and "that life is a bubble;" for he who lives agreeably to nature, (that is, to virtue) lives happily; and he whose life has been spent in useful pursuits, cannot be said to have *lived in vain*. Innocent pleasures will be the attendants of virtue, as pain, remorse, and misery, are the natural consequences of vice.

THE TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

——— Let list'ning Sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale.
FALKNER.

SOMETIME during the summer of ninety-eight, Charles Westerville left his father's house in London, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of a romantic situation in the north of England, where his father, a rich merchant, had recently purchased a small estate, delightfully situated amid the most charming part of that highly picturesque country.—Charles was rather of a melancholy disposition, and an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of Nature: he brought no companions but his German flute, and a few favourite authors, among which were the enchanting works of

Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, and Young. But his principal favourite, as being most congenial to his disposition, was Warton's Enthusiast, which he could repeat by memory. Oft would he wander, before sun-rise, reciting this charming little Poem, till, overcome with sensations which he really felt, with what ecstacy would he repeat the following apostrophe:——

All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn th' ecstatic eye; how ease my breast,
That pants with wild astonishment and love!

WARTON.

At a little distance in the back grounds was a romantic dell, formed for solitude, through which meandered a serpentine rivulet, shaded on each side by irregular plantations, of tall beeches; and higher up the hills were several copses and shrubberies, here and there interspersed by variegated clusters of wild flowers, which grew spontaneously on the shaggy banks; the whole made vocal by the wild strains of Nature's choristers, which were the only inhabitants of this delightful retreat. Towards the west the prospect terminated in a ridge of lofty mountains, whose tops reached the clouds; and the opening of the sea to the east, where the eye could readily discern the ships as they rode at anchor, or sailed in quick succession through the azure expanse, while, at intervals, the distant voices of the mariners dying in the gale, made it altogether one of the most pleasing situations imaginable.

One evening, Charles had retired, with a Milton in his hand, to this romantic retreat, and, tempted by the agreeable scenery, insensibly wandered a much greater distance up the vale than he had heretofore done. The prospect he beheld amply compensated for some unpleasant sensations which he could not suppress, and which apparently predicted something of consequence to his future happiness. In ascending the hill, he was agreeably regaled by a variety of images inexpressibly beautiful: at a trifling distance, above a clump of trees, rose the spire of the village church; more to the right, discovered a few scattered hamlets, from whence issued the jocund sound of rustic festivity; the last departing teints of the setting sun illuminated the tops

of those shaggy mountains: below, was a delightful view of his favourite dell; while the reflection of the moon on the glassy surface of the ocean, and, withal, the melancholy gloom of the surrounding objects, inspired such sensations as he had never before experienced. For some time he contemplated this delightful prospect in silent admiration; at length, sitting down on an inviting hillock, he broke out into this soliloquy:——

"Alas! could my dear father but be sensible of the pleasure which I just now feel, he would not, certainly, so peremptorily insist on my acting such a conspicuous part in the busy theatre of mankind! What are the gilded prospects of wealth and titles in competition with happiness, and the ineffable satisfaction of self-approbation? I have wherewithal to be content; sufficient to purchase the necessaries, nay, even the luxuries of life: but my sordid father————."

"Cease, young man, to upbraid the partiality of an indulgent parent," said a voice more than human.—Charles immediately felt the force of the expression, and, inwardly stung, was retiring with a glow of ingenuous shame upon his cheek; when Mr. Manfield (for that was the stranger's name) sprang forward, and, with a most affectionate look, apologized for such an unseasonable intrusion. The village clock struck nine as they were entering into conversation.

"Pardon me," said the good pastor, "but that is a signal for my departure. My parishioners are already waiting my return; for at this hour we generally offer up our united praises to that God who has preserved us "through this day's life and death." Though our acquaintance has been so short, yet I feel an irresistible impulse to press your becoming one in our little party. I trust the moments will not be ill employed."

Charles, who was never remiss in duty to his Maker, readily accepted the invitation. As they entered a little neat garden, he was surprized on perceiving a small white-washed house embosomed in trees, and almost grown round with ivy and woodbines: at the same instant he overheard the sound of a lute, and a delightful voice accompanying

it with Pope's "Vital Spark." The effect was beautiful in the extreme, and Charles felt it sensibly; but the anticipating attention of his new friend relieved his anxiety: ——"'Tis only my daughter Louisa, who frequently amuses herself upon that instrument."

By this time they had reached the summer-house, from whence proceeded the sounds. Mr. Manfield observed to her, that it was past nine,—a summons which she immediately obeyed; and, curtseying to Westerville, who was already prepossessed in her favour, he felt an unusual embarrassment, which occasioned him to return the salutation, a little awkwardly. There was a softness and delicacy in her features which moved him exceedingly, and, withal,

"---- That expression, sweet, of melancholy
"Which captivates the soul;"

and, being so congenial to his own feelings, it operated on his susceptive heart with peculiar energy.

They had now reached the place of their devotions, which was a little room, fitted and solely appropriated to the purpose: at one end was an organ half-concealed by a green silk curtain, to prevent Louisa, who was the organist, the awkardness of an exhibition. The form began with a voluntary, solemn and pathetic in the highest degree: Westerville, whose feelings were ever tremblingly alive to the impressions of music, felt it sensibly. The prelude introduced a hymn, which spoke the goodness of God in sending his only Son as a propitiation for our sins. The little band joined with such fervency, that Charles was affected even to tears; but they were tears of joy. After the solemnity was over, Westerville again felt the force of sympathy; for the simple villagers departed with such expressions of tenderness and friendship, that it quite unmanned him. In this delicate situation, Mr. Manfield invited him to partake some refreshment. Westerville followed in silence, for his expanded* heart was too full to thank him; which the former perceiving, it recalled the sympathetic tear adown the wrinkled cheeks of the good old man.

* His haert expands with sympathetic joy. MRS. ROWE.

Hail! endearing spirits of Love and Sympathy! from whom proceed all the delightful sensations of sensibility and all the soft effusions of the heart! Ye alone can inform the feelings—Ye who can inspire such thrilling raptures of ecstacy, by what exquisitely fine-spun tendrils of sympathetic attraction congenial souls are drawn together!

During the simple repast which Louisa prepared for Westerville, he made himself known to Mr. Manfield.—"A passion," said he, "for solitude, and the rural scenery of this romantic country, induces me to spend most of the summer in this delightful situation."

Lousia's eyes met his, and reciprocally caused a painful confusion not easily recovered. Mr. Manfield (for he had a competent knowledge of human nature) kindly relieved their mutual distress by offering Charles a bed, for whom he had already conceived a very favourable opinion.——

After some little conversation, in which Miss Manfield's good sense shone with peculiar lustre (for she had the most general knowledge of any woman I ever knew,) the family retired.

Westerville could not efface the pleasing idea of Louisa from his memory: he saw a thousand nameless perfections which discovered the beauty of her mind; her temper was rather serious than gay, though at the same time tinctured with the most pleasing cheerfulness. From her infancy she had indulged an unusual disposition for books and solitude; and her chief amusements consisted in cultivating those mental pleasures which gave a zest to our affections: she possessed the most artless sensibility, and such moving tenderness of soul, that, from the first moment he beheld her, he felt his feelings agitated by a sensation unknown before.

"'Twas but yesterday," said he, "I did not know that such a being existed; and now my happiness is so interwoven with hers, that I cannot live but in her presence."

He tried to sleep; but Morpheus fled his couch: the image of Miss Manfield still hovered over his imagination. Soon as the morning began to break, he arose to view the garden through which he had passed the preceding evening. The shrubs and flowers, perfumed by the tears of

Nature, exhaled a balmy fragrance inexpressibly pleasing; while the pellucid dewdrops, illumined by the rays of the rising sun, shone pendent from innumerable boughs; and the shrill notes of the soaring lark conspired to raise such ecstatic sensations as the sluggard never experiences. The half-shut door, where he had first met Miss Manfield, seemed to invite his entrance. On a small table covered with green, lay Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts," open at that affecting tale so feelingly told in the latter part of his Complaint: an unfinised painting lay near, which discovered, for "her heart was apt to feel," all the mingled emotions which Aspasia experienced when she heard the fatal tidings of Lysander's death.—Westerville "felt it seen."

Leaving the summer-house, he pursued a path which led to the opposite side of the garden, through a little wicket, into a rustic glen bedecked in all the simplicity of Nature, where he discovered the rivulet dashing in foaming cascades down a steep bank, and gurgling over the rocks as it ran in lucid mazes thourgh the valley, overhung on each side by tall shady trees, which half-darkened the path, and inspired a kind of melancholy enthusiasm not unpleasing to the mind of sensibility; the blackbirds and thrushes were ever and anon chaunting their strains of wild melody. Westerville sat down on a broken rock, and, taking out his flute, increased the general harmony with all the blandishments and graces of that enchanting instrument. Whilst he was thus amusing himself in playing Handel's "Water Piece," he was suddenly surprized with the morning salutation of Mr. and Miss Manfield, who were taking their accustomed recreation;—'twas a walk so perfectly in unison with Louisa's feeling, that she generally preferred it. After apologizing for interrupting Westerville, Miss Manfield entreated him to oblige her with another performance, as she was particularly fond of the instrument; assuring him, at the same time, that it had a most delightful effect; for echo reverberated the strains among the mountains and vallies in a thousand mellifluous melodies. Charles obeyed, and attempted—"How imperfect is expression some emotions to impart!"—Louisa felt the words in every strain, which caused a momentary hectic to shoot across her countenance. Westerville, saw her perturbation, and substituted a lively little air.

As they returned, Mr. Manfield pointed out the most beautiful prospects, to which Westerville listened with particular attention. Whether it was the morning's peculiar disposition of light and shade which threw additional teints over the scenes, I know not; but to Louisa they had never before appeared half so lovely.

After breakfast, Charles took his leave, with a promise of calling in the afternoon. On his return home, he could think of nothing but Miss Manfield,—she alone occupied his whole attention; and he found his heart so tenderly attached to her, that he determined to ask Mr. Manfield's leave to solicit her affections.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Man of Forty Thousand Francs.

[The following Anecdote is taken from a French Magazine.]

A PROVINCIAL Footman put into the Lottery of St. Sulpice, gained a prize of forty thousand francs, took leave of his master, and came to Paris,—not to place out his money to advantage, but to spend it. He hired a superb hotel, purchased horses and a carriage, clothed his numerous domestics in a superb livery, played high, and kept an excellent table. He was universally feasted and entertained; and every where, in the best houses, nothing was talked of but the generous stranger.——Stranger, indeed!—he was known by nobody. Generous, too, for he had his purse full of money, and paid every account that was presented to him; but, so freely did he disburse and pay, that at the end of the year he had nothing left.

At last, he announced that he would dine at home, and at two o'clock precisely. Two o'clock strikes—dinner is served—— no guest appears. He calls up his coachman, his porter, his lacquies, his cook, and his valet-de-chambre. He makes a signal for them to sit down at table with him. They are, at first, astonished, and then start difficulties in complying. He insists;—they obey. They eat, and, when the Champaign begins to establish familiarity, he says to them——

"My comrades, you have thought me a great man: I am only a valet, like yourselves. I gained a prize of forty thousand francs; I have expended it; I have nothing more; I go to resume my livery.—Adieu!"

This said, he gets into a diligence, and arrives at the house of his old master, who is delighted at seeing him again.

"I expect to hear, that you have laid out your money very well," said he to him.

"Very well; for I have eaten it."

"Eaten it!"

"Yes; and that in the space of a year. I wished to see what was the life of a man who has forty thousand francs a year. I have done almost every thing which they do:—I have procured all their enjoyments."

"Is it really so?"

"Really; there is nothing wonderful in that:—behold me satisfied. I shall be so much the better, if you will take me into your service."

"Very willingly; if your experiment has forever cured you of the desire of riches!"

On the Condition of Women.

A VERY curious Work has been published at Paris on the *Condition of Women under Republican Governments.* The Author's object is, to make it felt that women are at present not in their proper places; or rather that they have, as they are treated now, no place at all in the social order. He argues, that it is the duty of the Republic to draw them from the nullity into which they are plunged by the laws of all nations, and that they ought to enjoy a much happier and honourable lot. He allows them no share in the Sovereignty, because the will of the family, which is one and the same, is represented by the voice of the father or husband; but he wishes that they should be rendered capable of receiving certain delegations from the sovereign au-

thority. Why, for example, should they not discharge to their own sex the functions that relate to public instruction? Why, above all, should not the exercise of the national benevolence, and a share in the administration of charitable establishments, be entrusted to them? There are other missions in which they might appear with advantage.

"Governments," says the author, in another part of his work, "which think they did every thing in providing for the wants of men, have, in extraordinary circumstances, done but half their work; they have still to provide for the wants of those women who are not married, and whose support is not derived from men. The establishment of St. Cyr, which was founded at the close of a long war, and which provided not only for the instruction, but the maintenance and future establishment, of a number of young females, was by no means an absurd institution. Retrench the aristocratic part of it; establish and endow, in a given number of departments, a St. Cyr; and you will see morals, talents, and—the honour, the glory, and the charm of France."

The author thinks it improper that women should not be admitted into learned societies, when, by their acquirements they are fit to have a seat in them. He is also properly indignant that the criminal laws suppose them to have so perfect a knowledge of good and evil, and the provisions of law, that they punish them like men when they violate the laws, and yet they are treated as children, under guardianship, in matters of civil policy.

UNIVERSAL WARFARE.

(From a French Magazine.)

NOW, when every body is talking of killing, may we be permitted to entertain our readers with a poor devil, an unfortunate old fellow, a miserable annuitant, to whom all the world is more or less indebted, and yet whom almost all his debtors, in return for his kindness, are endeavour-

ing to *kill*, alas! without pity? Notwithstanding this excess of ingratitude, he is not the less punctual in coming every moment to offer them his services: he asks only to be usefully employed, and, instead of exacting a salary, rewards those who employ him with incalculable benefits. It is true, he cannot be happy, except in the midst of a constant activity. He has no greater enemy than idle repose: he then becomes heavy, oppressed with *ennui*, insupportable, and moves slowly forward, although by nature he represents in his course the rapidity of lightning.

Sometimes, however, his patience is tired out, and his vengeance becomes terrible: he brings with him chagrin, misery, infirmities, and premature old age. Such is his ordinary chastisement of those ingrates, who, despising his generous offers, strive only to *kill* him, from morning till night.

It is to *kill* him that the youthful beau spends the morning in oiling his Titus, combing his curls, and adjusting his cravat. It is to *kill* him that Phrosyne, gaping, touches the keys of her piano, examines the title and plates of a new romance, turns over a few of its pages, rings for her maid to enquire what hour it is though there is a clock over the chimney-piece. It is to *kill* him that she orders her chariot, and goes to pay a visit to some friends, whom she saw, for the first time, the night before at a ball. In fine, it is to *kill* him that one half of Paris rises, dresses, walks about, eats, drinks, goes to bed, and sleeps.

With all this their efforts are in vain: they cannot *kill* him. To *kill* TIME—for it is of Time that we are speaking—is a serious business. They talk of it as an easy matter; but all the labours of Hercules were nothing in comparison. *Time* cannot be destroyed: it may be compared to the Polypus:——cut it lengthways, crossways, whatever way you will, each separate part instantly becomes a whole, as complete as before. Thus when you shall have stripped *Time* of days, weeks, and years, new days and new years will succeed, and this succession will be immortal.

When we meet with an adversary too powerful to conquer, it is wise to bring him over to one's interest. Instead, then, of wishing to *kill* TIME, make him your friend: there are a thousand ways of doing it.

On the Power of Habit, and the Force of Affection.

"WERE I in a desert," says the sympathetic Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress, and repose beneath its shade: I would carve my name upon them, and declare they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they renewed their verdure, I should instinctively rejoice."

The heart and the affections require to be called forth; and, if we are so unfortunate as to be destitute of friends, we must endeavour to place them upon something that is sensible of our attachment; for to a mind endowed with feeling and sensibility, nothing can be so dreadful as a state of indifference.

A gentleman of fortune and respectability in Paris was so completely beggared by an adverse turn of the wheel, as to be obliged to live upon public charity; and, anxious to secure himself from remarks and observation, he retired to a spot where Poverty bid her head. Every week a portion of food was sent to him just sufficient for the seven days' supply; and the Curate of the parish, who was accustomed to deal out the allowance, was astonished at finding that he demanded more, knowing that his portion was sufficient for an individual's food. At length he resolved to send for the unhappy man, and enquire into the cause of additional demand.

"Do you live *alone*, Sir?" said the Curate.

"With whom," replied the gentleman, "is it possible I should live? I am a wretched outcast of society, and with whom do you think I should be likely to reside? You know that I am an object of charity and benevolence, and that I am abandoned by all the world!"

"If you live *alone*," rejoined the Curate, "why ask for more food than is sufficient for yourself?"

To this interrogation he did not immediately reply; but, at length, confessed that he was master of a dog, whose fidelity and attachment was no trifling compensation for the scorn and coldness of an unfeeling world!

SKETCH OF LAVATER.

THIS celebrated Physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been for many years one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame; in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in this way, much further than any other person had before advanced: success inflamed his imagination, and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie: they were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every man was eager to learn to read his neighbor's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language; and as the insight into character and secret intention, which it promised, was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as

capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well-executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalization was requisite to shew us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to those of sound sense and shrewd discernment that physiognomy was but an idle study; the amusement—it might be—of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes; and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited, also, in Germany the derision of the witty and the wise. The Physiognomical Travels, or Physiognomical Quixote, of the celebrated Musaeus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples: its effect was, in Germany, powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism, and it raised its author at once to splendid literary reputation.

But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples: he continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who, under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

New Trait in the Female Character.

(Extract of a Letter from Mr. Bromel, of Berlin, to Professor Engel.)

DURING my residence in the town of ———, I had for neighbours, in the house opposite to my own, two ladies, who led a regular and laborious life.—Unobserved by them, I was frequently a witness of their actions; and the little I saw encreased, instead of satisfying, my curiosity. The eldest, who was not thirty, had all the noble appearance of an ancient Roman: her look was firm, without audacity. I never observed so much grandeur and dignity in any other woman.

There are certain days of the year on which the ladies of ——— repair to the public promenade, dressed in their finest attire. My friend, M. R———, engaged me to go thither. He met, and saluted two ladies, who wese dressed in the most distinguished taste: they were my two neighbours. The eldest had greatly interested me, and an eager desire to know who she was had long tormented me. I seized this opportunity with avidity, and my friend R——— gave me the following information:

"These ladies are sisters: the brown (that was the eldest) is married. Their parents, though they had no fortune, gave them an excellent education: this circumstance, joined to a handsome person, could not fail to procure to the eldest a number of admirers. I shall not say to you, that there was among them one whose homage was more agreeable than the others, for of that I am ignorant; all I know is, that, if there was such a favourite, she did not marry him, as you shall presently hear.

"Among her lovers there was a Mr. F———, whose sole merit consisted in the possession of great wealth; a kind of merit which seldom interests the young, but to which parents usually attach a very high value. The addresses of F——— were, of course, encouraged by the father and mother; they even carried things so far, as to render it impossible for them to recede: the match pleased them, and they thought they could not do too much to get it completed. They believed, that the more they pushed the matter, the less reason there was to fear that it would

not to be brought to a successful issue; so that, when they communicated the affair to their daughter, they had left her nothing to do but to say *yes*:—that was a word, however, which she would not pronounce.

"Her parents were vexed; pretended that they understood her interests better than she did herself; that her duty, as a daughter, imposed on her the obligation of obeying them; that their word was engaged: and added every argument that is usually made use of on like occasions.—The daughter replied,—That, with respect to marriage, she could not separate her interests from her taste; that, in such a state, the first of all requisites were mutual affection; that the business concerned her more nearly than any other person; that they should have made no promise without consulting her; that, in this instance, they had not acted well towards their child; and that she would not marry the gentleman.

"Both parties were obstinate; but the young woman resolved to endure the greatest severities rather than submit; while the parents on their part, resolved to attempt every thing, rather than suffer themselves to be defeated in their purpose. In such a case a man of liberal mind would have relinquished his pursuit, rather than disturb the peace of a family; and had Mr. F——— acted thus, perhaps, he would have conquered the repugnance of his mistress: but such was not the character of Mr. F———. He allowed the parents to take their way; he often visited them, and his visits only tended the more to disgust the lady. The parents became outrageous against their daughter, and loaded her with reproaches and invectives whenever they were alone with her. The anger of the father was even one day, carried so far as to throw a knife at her, which wounded her in the face. She would not permit the wound to be cured. She was shut up in her room; there she consoled herself with reading, but he took her books from her. Her harpsichord remained, and music afforded some relief to her anguish; but they deprived her of her instrument also. She remained alone in the midst of indolence and silence, for no person in the house was permitted to speak to her.

"Such was the life which she was condemned to lead, when, one day, she suddenly presented herself before her father and mother, and in a firm tone, told them she was determined to espouse Mr. F———. They looked at each

other with surprize. She tranquilly repeated, that she consented to marry Mr. F———. The lover was sent for: his mistress gave him a flattering reception.—A day was fixed, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

"She resumed the cultivation of her talents, and in a short time her beauty recovered all its former brilliancy: she seemed to possess more graces and gaiety than ever. Her husband was soon subjugated by the influence of her mental superiority and her attractions: She became sovereign mistress of his house, and of all the wealth he possessed: she gradually made use of this power.—Her expenditure was immense—her benevolence unbounded. Balls and fetes succeeded each other without interruption; so that in a few years her husband was worth nothing—all his property had vanished.

"Your money," said his wife, "was the cause of my misery: now, thank God! not a farthing of it remains. I have now ruined you, but I shall not forsake you. You would starve, for you can do nothing for yourself.——I shall take care of you: but for this time I will have my own conditions."

"She took a lodging where you have seen her, and asked her sister to live with her, as her parents had died in the interval. Her trade in millinery is extensive, because her taste has insured her a superiority. She has lodged her husband in a small apartment, at a considerable distance from her own residence, and pays him an annuity, on the express condition that he shall never come near her. As for him, he now passes his time reflecting on the danger of marrying a woman against her inclination.

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

THESE two lovers have become of late more than ever the subject of conversation at Paris, and solemn rites have been observed in honour of their memory. Wisdom and enlightened experience have pronounced a severe judgment upon this unfortunate pair, while they have had upon their side nothing, except the illusions of imagination, the indulgence and the tender pity which men, and particularly women, always shew to the weakness and misfortunes of love. By this judgment, it appears that Eloisa and Abelard had a reputation founded rather upon the romantic ideas

of youth, than the principles of morality. Little worthy of the homage of austere virtue, they have maintained only a poetical celebrity. The Abbess of Paraclete may be still the heroine of poets and lovers, but she is no longer the heroine of sages. The reputation which Abelard and Eloisa have enjoyed to this hour, proves, at the most, that posterity has often its prejudices as well as the age which is cotemporary with their subject. This glory has disappeared as soon as an opportunity offered to examine it with a philosophic eye. Even at the moment when enthusiasm raises their ashes from the grave, reason buries their memory; and the palms which decked their brows fall into dust, with their coffins, when exposed to light. But though the charm be dissolved, we still feel an interest in the delusions so long and so fondly cherished. The public mind, though freed from the spell, seems yet to follow with a longing eye the sorrowful pomp of these two departed lovers. Its curiosity, therefore, must be gratified by the following interesting extract from an authentic letter.

——" I was, for twenty years, the Cure of the little village of Quincey, about a league and a half from Nogent-sur-Seine, within which district was built the Abbey of Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and afterwards the depository of his remains and those of Eloisa. Their bones were placed separate, within tomb-stones, along-side each other. These tombs remained upwards of two hundred years in a vault, where the Abbesses of Paraclete were buried. Though this vault was so damp, that, in a very short time, the bodies were entirely cousumed and reduced to dust, the bones of Abelard and Eloisa were bright, and in a perfect state of preservation. Madame de Ronci, the Abbess of Paraclete, having resolved to remove them from their tombs, and also from the vault, selected me for this ceremony. She had previously provided a leaden coffin, about four feet long, and a foot broad, to receive them. The remains of Abelard were placed at one end of it, and those of Eloisa at the other. A leaden plate, on which I engraved their names, and which exactly fitted the interior of the coffin in breadth and depth, separated the reliques. I also enclosed two billets, with their names inscribed upon thick parchment, covered with several folds, that if, in future times, the coffin should be opened, it might be known to whom the bones belonged. I have been confidently assured, that this coffin has been carried away from Nogent-sur-Seine since the Revolution."

Song.

SWEETLY IN LIFE'S JOCOUND MORNING.

Sung by Mrs. Hodgkinson in the New Comedy—"Life."

Sweetly in Life's jocound morning,
Beam'd on me a Father's smile;
Joy with livelier Charms adorning,
Cheering grave instruction's toil.
Cruel memory too severely,
Tells me those blest hours are gone,
Which with him I priz'd so dearly,
He has frown'd and they are flown.

Love which drew this sorrow on me,
Love alone can yield relief;
The pitying power which has undone me,
Pours the Balm that heals my grief.
What though memory, so severely
Tells me that my joys are gone,
Let but him I love so dearly,
Smile and then my Cares are flown.

POETRY.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Concluded from page 243.)

Winter.

WITH kindred pleasures mov'd and cares oppress
Sharing alike our weariness and rest;
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,
Thro' every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs,
Partakes our cheerful meals, partaking first
In mutual labour and in mutual thirst;
The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.
To more than man this generous warmth extends,
And oft the team and shiv'ring herds befriends;

Tender solicitude the bosom fills,
And Pity executes what Reason wills:
Youth learns compassion's tale from every tongue,
And flies to aid the helpless and the young;
When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinch'd CATTLE lows,
No nourishment in frozen pasture grows;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.
For tho' on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy bramble cease to sprout,
Beneath dread WINTER's level sheet of snow
The sweet nutritious *Turnip* deigns to grow.
Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth
Bid labour claim her treasures from the earth,
On GILES, and such, as Giles, the labour falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet more irksome still, assails his eyes;
Snow clogs his feet; or if no snow is seen,
The field with all its juicy store to screen,
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,
Till *Giles* with pond'rous beetle foremost go,
And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow;
When pressing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mixt breath warm exhalations rise.
If now in beaded rows, drops deck the spray,
While *Phœbus* grants a momentary ray,
Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,
And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen;
And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side
Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.

THOUGH NIGHT approaching bids for rest prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,
Sending at length the weary laborer home.
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,
Throughout the yard, hous'd round on every side,
Deep-plunging Cows their rustling feast enjoy,
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load;
Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road;
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,
When *Giles* with well known voice, already there,
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.
Him, though the cold may pierce, and storms molest,
Succeeding hours shall cheer with warmth and rest:
Gladness to spread and raise the grateful smile,
He hurls the faggot bursting from the pile,
And many a log and rifted trunk conveys,
To heap the fire and to extend the blaze
That quiv'ring strong through every opening flies,
Whilst smoaky columns unobstructed rise.
For the rude architect, unknown to fame,
(Nor symmetry nor elegance his aim.)
Who spread his floors of solid oak on high,
On beams rough-hewn, from age to age that lie,
Bade his *wide Fabric* unimpair'd sustain
Pomona's store, and cheese, and golden grain;
Bade from its central base, capacious laid,
The well-wrought chimney rear its lofty head;
Where since hath many a savoury ham been stor'd,
And tempests howl'd, and christmas gambols roar'd.
FLAT on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,
And flames reflected dance in every eye:
There the long billet forc'd at last to bend,
While frothing sap gushes at either end,

Throws round its welcome heat :....the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish *Giles*,
Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,
The converse sharing, though in duty's school;
For now attentively 'tis his to hear
Interrogation from the Master's chair.

'LEFT ye your bleating charge, when day-light fled,
'Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head?
'Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
'May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.
'For hark! it blows; a dark and dismal night:
'Heaven guide the trav'ller's fearful steps aright!
'Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp ey'd,
'The *Fox* in silent darkness seems to glide,
'Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
'If chance the cock, or stamm'ring cockerel crows,
'Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,
'As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh:
'Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er you fail
'To bolt their doors against the driving gale.
'Strew'd you (still mindful of the unshelter'd head)
'Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed?
'Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly see,
'*That duty's basis is humanity.*
'Of pain's unsavoury cup tho' thou may'st taste,
'(The wrath of Winter from the bleak north-east),
'Thine utmost suff'rings in the coldest day
'A period terminates, and joys repay.
'Perhaps e'en now, while here those joys we boast,
'Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,
'Where the high northern waves tremendous roar,
'Drove down by blasts from *Norway's* icy shore.
'The *Sea-boy* there, less fortunate than thou,
'Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow;
'His freezing hands now drench'd, now dry, by turns;
'Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,

'On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming guide,
'That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide,
'His labours cease not with declining day,
'But toils and perils mark his wat'ry way;
'And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,
'The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
'Round his head whistling;...and shalt thou repine,
'While this protecting roof still shelters thine?'
Mild, as the vernal show'r, his words prevail,
And aid the moral precept of his tale:
His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever keep
These first ideas of the restless deep;
And, as the opening mind a circuit tries
Present felicities in value rise.
Increasing pleasures every hour they find,
The warmth more precious, and the shelter kind;
Warmth that long reigning bids the eyelids close,
As through the blood its balmy influence goes,
When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues and cares,
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.
Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and young,
When the last topic dies upon his tongue;
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire;
He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team,
Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam
Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose;
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possest,
From night till morn alternate food and rest,
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debar'd,
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.
Yet when from plough or lumb'ring cart set free,
They taste awhile the sweets of liberty:

E'en sober *Dobbin* lifts his clumsy heels
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheels;
But soon, his frolic ended, yields again
To trudge the road, and wear the clinking chain.
Short-sighted DOBBIN!...thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that *encompass* thee:
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose,
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes;
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold:
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ller on from stage to stage,
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge:...'tis *he* must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel;
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around:
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides:
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes eager-eyed
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.
Ah, well for him if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,

Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip; the chaise is at the door:...
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'rers wear his life away.

What say'st thou, *Dobbin?* what though hounds await
With open jaws the moment of thy fate,
No better fate attends *his* public race;
His life is misery, and his end disgrace.
Then freely bear thy burden to the hill;
Obey but one short law,...thy driver's will.
Affection, to thy memory ever true,
Shall boast of mighty loads that *Dobbin* drew;
And back to childhood shall the mind with pride
Recount thy gentleness in many a ride
To pond, or field, or village fair, when thou
Held'st high thy braided mane and comely brow;
And oft the Tale shall rise to homely fame
Upon thy gen'rous spirit and thy name.

Though faithful to a proverb, we regard
The midnight chieftain of the farmer's yard,
Beneath whose guardianship all hearts rejoice,
Woke by the echo of his hollow voice;
Yet as the hound may fault'ring quit the pack,
Snuff the foul scent, and hasten yelping back;
And e'en the docile Pointer know disgrace,
Thwarting the gen'ral instinct of his race;
E'en so the MASTIFF, or the meaner Cur,
At times will from the path of duty err,
(A pattern of fidelity by day;
By night a *murderer*, lurking for his prey;)
And round the pastures or the fold will creep,
And, coward-like, attack the peaceful *sheep:*

Alone the wanton mischief he pursues,
Alone in reeking blood his joys imbrues;
Chasing amain his fright'ned victims round,
Till death in wild confusion strews the ground;
Then wearied out, to kennel sneaks away,
And licks his guilty paws till break of day.

The deed discover'd, and the news once spread,
Veng'ance hangs o'er the unknown culprit's head:
And careful *Shepherds* extra hours bestow
In patient *watchings* for the common foe;
A foe most dreaded now, when rest and peace;
Should wait the season of the flock's increase.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
GILES, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd Moon salute his eyes,
And through the unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;
There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driv'n
And all the glorious pageantry of heav'n.
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light.
Thence Fancy measures, as they darting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye.
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous 'semblance of a *Flock* at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD'S everlasting Name.

Whilst thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loos'd *Imagination* soaring goes
High o'er his home and all his little woes,
TIME glides away; neglected duty calls:
At once from plains of light to earth he falls,
And down a narrow lane, well known by day,
With all his speed pursues his sounding way,
In thought still half absorb'd, and chill'd with cold;
When, lo! an object frightful to behold;
A grisly SPECTRE, cloth'd in silver-gray,
Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
Stands in his path!...He stops, and not a breath
Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death.
Loud the owl halloos o'er his head unseen;
All else is silent, dismally serene;
Some prompt ejaculation, whisper'd low,
Yet bears him up against the threat'ning foe;
And thus poor Giles, though half inclin'd to fly,
Mutters his doubts, and strains his stedfast eye.
'Tis not my crimes thou com'st here to reprove;
No murders stain my soul, no perjur'd love:
If thou'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,
Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.
By parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,
Still to approach each object of surprise
Lest Fancy's formful visions should deceive
In moon-light paths, or glooms of falling eve,
This then's the moment when my heart should try
To scan thy motionless deformity;
But oh, the fearful task! yet well I know
An aged ash, with many a spreading bough,
(Beneath whose leaves I've found a summer's bow'r,)
Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a show'r.
Stands singly down this solitary way,
But far beyond where now my footsteps stay,

'Tis true, thus far I've come with heedless haste;
No reck'ning kept, no passing objects trac'd :...
And can I then have reach'd that very tree?
Or is its reverend form assum'd by thee?'
The happy thought alleviates his pain:
He creeps another step; then stops again;
Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,
Its perfect lineaments at once appear;
Its crown of shiv'ring ivy whispering peace,
And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face:
Now, whils't his blood mounts upward, now he knows
The solid gain that from conviction flows;
And strengthen'd Confidence shall hence fulfill
(With conscious Innocence more valued still)
The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,
By church-yard dark, or grove, or fairy ring;
Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
Till loit'ring Reason hoists the scale of Truth.
With these blest guardians *Giles* his course pursues,
Till numbering his heavy-sided ewes,
Surrounding stillness tranquilize his breast,
And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest.
As when retreating tempests we behold,
Whose skirts at length the azure sky unfold,
And full of murmurings and mingled wrath,
Slowly unshroud the smiling face of earth,
Bringing the bosom joy: so WINTER flies!...
And see the Source of Life and Light uprise!
A height'ned arch o'er southern hills he bends;
Warm on the cheek the slanting beam descends
And gives the reeking mead a brighter hue,
And draws the modest *primrose* bud to view.
Yet frost succeeds and winds impetuous rush,
And hail-stones rattle thro' the budding bush:
And night-fall'n LAMBS requires the shepherd's care,
And teeming EWES, that still their burdens bear;

Beneath whose sides to-morrow's dawn may see
The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee;
At whose first birth the pow'rful instinct's seen
That fills with champions the dasied green;
For ewes that stood aloof with fearful eye,
With stamping foot now men and dogs defy,
And obstinately faithful to their young,
Guard their first steps to join the bleating throng.
But casualties and death from damps and cold
Will still attend the well-conducted fold:
Her tender offspring dead, the dam aloud
Calls, and runs wild amidst the unconscious crowd:
And orphan'd suckling raise the piteous cry;
No wool to warm them, no defenders nigh.
And must her streaming milk then flow in vain?
Must unregarded innocence complain?
No;...ere this strong solicitude subside,
Material fondness may be fresh supply'd,
And the adopted stripling still may find
A parent most assiduously kind.
For this he's doom'd awhile disguis'd to range,
(For fraud or force must work the wish'd-for change;)
For this his predecessor's skin he wears,
Till cheated into tenderness and cares,
The unsuspecting dam contented grown,
Cherish and guard the fondling as her own.
Thus all by turns to fair perfection rise;
Thus twins are parted to increase their size;
Thus instinct yields as interest points the way,
Till the bright flock, augmenting every day,
On sunny hills and vales of springing flow'rs
With ceaseless clamor greet the vernal hours.
The humbler *Shepherd* here with joy beholds
The approv'd economy of crowded folds,
And, in his small contracted round of cares,
Adjusts the practice of each hint he hears:

For Boys with emulation learn to glow,
And boast their pastures, and their healthful show
Of well-grown Lambs, the glory of the Spring;
And field to field in competition bring.
E'n GILES, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wint'ry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbors, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song:
When Admiration's unaffected grace
Lisps from the tongue and beams in every face:
Delightful moment!...Sunshine, Health and Joy,
Play round and cheer the elevated Boy!
'*Another* SPRING!' his heart exulting cries;
'*Another* YEAR! with promis'd blessings rise!...
'ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,
'Teach me still more to wander, more to know;
'*Seed-time* and *Harvest* let me see again;
'Wander the *Leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plain:
'Let the first flower, corn-waving Field, Plain, Tree,
'Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE;
'And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
'An humble note of thankfulness and praise!'—

APRIL 22, 1798.

SWEETS OF MAY.

Respectfully Inscribed to the Ladies of New-York.

HAIL! Softest season of the genial year,
Oh! sweetest May, again do'st thou appear;
I greet thy gentle kind returning light,
Shedding thy balmy influence on my sight.
The fields look gay in thy soft livery clad,
And breathe their aromatic sweets around,
Blooming in Youth, in innocence array'd,
With flow'rets deck'd, with sweetest amaranth crown'd.
Soft Zephyrs fan the green flowery meads,
And whisper through the waving verdant groves,
While sweet to sweet, in a soft train succeeds,
And sprightly warblers sing their gentle loves.
Sweet May, thy genius warm our love inspires
And gently fans her kindly soft'ning fires.
Love is the sweetest Passion of the breast,
The softest, gentlest, noblest, and the best!
Of all sensations that we mortals find,
Love is the most exalted, most refin'd,
The most extatic pleasure of the mind!
Nor to frail Man's confin'd the force of love,
Her force is felt, by all the powers above.
Great JOVE himself, by pow'rful love assail'd;
His lightnings linger'd, and his thunders fail'd!
As* on tall Ida's shady top he sat,
Sternly resolving, yet protracting Fate;
Holding the pow'rs of Heav'n in dread suspense.
While furious Ilium forc'd the Grecian tents;
Binding the Gods to his despotic sway:
Murmuring th' unwelcome Mandate they obey:

* Homer's Iliad, Book 14.

In silence, all their energies are hush'd,
And each rebell'ous thought, in embryo crush'd!
Intent on the great business of the day,
Sat JOVE, all jealous for his right to sway;
When, lo! swift as the dazzling rays of light,
The bright *Saturnia* breaks upon his sight,
The thick'ning gloom, instant as lightning's part,
He feels her forceful *Presence* on his heart!
His jealousy for pow'rs now all forgot,
Unusual thrillings thro' his heart-strings shot;
On every nerve sensations new distill'd,
Thro' every vein new transport thrill'd!
Enravish'd by her all resistless charms,
He sighs to hold her in his eager arms,
Watches the glances of her radiant eyes,
And burns like an Olympian for the prize.

But say fond muse, say, whither wouldst thou stray
My gentle theme was sweet returning May:
Thou proudly talkd'st of *Gods* and *Goddesses* above,
Unequall'd *Juno*, and unrivall'd *Jove*;
And lett'st the sweetest hour of life glide by,
Unsung, unheeded, by thy soaring eye.
See nature now fresh starting into life,
And in one song of joy, all seem at strife;
The vocal hills and groves, responsive ring,
And round reverbs, the chorus of the spring.
In Sol's bright beam see shining insects play,
All joyous greet the kind return of May,
And wanton sport in the full blaze of day.
How swift they dart thro' the refulgent air,
Myriads on myriads meet together there,
The common blessings of sweet May to share.
No hostile strife these gentle creatures know,
Nor to his fellow is each one a foe;
But love does all their little minds employ,
Their highest comfort, and their brightest joy

See all the sweet productions of the spring,
Now rising into life, their incense bring;
And in one fair assemblage offer praise,
To the great author of these happy days.
The dewy fields, and meads, their sweets exhale,
And give their balmy fragrance to the gale.
The way-worn traveller forgets his toil,
Sweets so profuse make even labor smile.
The tulip gay, and blushing rose are seen,
And Meadows rob'd in fresh and youthful green.
Gay lambkins sport on the green hillock side,
Till emulous, no pleasantry's untry'd.
Down the sweet vale transparent waters roll'd
Thro' channel smooth, o'er sands of sparkling gold,
In soft harmonious numbers gently flow,
As to the main in silver strains they go.
On the green margin of their "winding train,"
See sporting flocks, and herds, "and busy men;"
And scarce remov'd from the soft "sounding shores,"
Sweet eglantine, and amaranthine bow'rs
The innocent, auspiciously invite,
To gayest, sweetest scenes of pure delight.
There soft narcissus in profusion grows,
Sweet hyacinths and the fair blushing rose,
Rich verdant grass on the soft teeming ground
And violets gay profusely spread around.
Nature all blooming fresh in youth array'd,
How just an emblem of a virtuous maid.
See the sweet innocent, her charms display,
All fair and lovely as the bloom of May:
Harmless as gentle doves, who kindly bill,
And sweetly coo beside a purling rill;
Or sing responsive on the tuneful spray;
Or sweetly hail the genial hour of May;
Or tune their little throats to strains of love;
Or seek a covert in the shady grove....
Now the bright sun smiles on the joyous scene,
The mountain gilds and cheers the valley green:

From western skies his parting beams elance,
And on the lakes smoothe surface gently glance.
Soft argent clouds floating in eastern skies,
Catch the sweet parting ray as on it flies;
Instant the argent fades, and in its stead,
Shey straight assume a lovely charming Red.
And born on Zephyr's softest pinions rise,
And lightly sail o'er the blue vaulted skies;
Till the bright sun steals from our ravish'd sight,
And rolling on withdraws his golden light.
Yet western clouds some transient beams retain,
And blushing glow in a bright fleecy train;
By swift degrees the vermil tint they loose,
As out the sweet remain of day-light goes.
Now dies the red, and a sweet argent hue,
Where late was seen the bright cerulean blue,
Meets the glad eye, and fills the rapturous view.
By just degrees still as we loose the light,
Old Nox spreads gently round the shades of night.
Now soft enriching dews kindly distill,
In the sweet vale, and on the verdant hill,
Gay Beaut'ous landscapes, sweet roseate bow'rs,
And flow'ry meads, wait th' nectarine showers,
Narcissus too, and auriculus sweet,
The life diffusing dews with rapture meet,
Profusely, all, their fragrant sweets exhale;
And give their odors to the balmy gale.
Bright Luna now, and the sweet evening star,
Gently emerge and smiling "from afar,"
Their silver beams dart o'er the shining main,
And kindly greet th' beauteous smiling train.
Sweet Zephyrs now, and spicy air serene,
Maidens and Youths invite to share the scene:
Glad warblers too, their vocal pow'rs essay
To fill with pleasure all the hours of May.

New-York, May 8, 1801, PHILOTHEORUS.

Foreign News.

The following is the official account of the late engagement; transmitted to H. R. H. the Crown Prince, by the Commander in Chief Olfort Fischer:

On the first of April at half past three in the afternoon, two divisions of the English fleet under the command of Vice Admiral Lord Nelson and a Rear-Admiral, weighed anchor and stood eastwards and by south of the middle passage of the road, where they anchored. This force consisted of twelve ships of the line, and several large frigates, gun boats and other smaller vessels, in al l 31 sail.

On the 2d April, at three quarters past 9 in the morning, the wind S. E. both the vessels to the south and the vessels to the north of the middle road weighed anchor. The ships of the line and heavy frigates under Lord Nelson steered for the Konigstiefe, to take their station in order along the line of defence confided to me. The gun-boats and small vessels took their station nearer the town, and the division of Admiral Parker, consisting of 8 ships of the line and some small vessels, steered with a press of sail southwards to the right wing of defence.

At half past ten, the foremost ships of Admiral Nelson's division passed the southernmost ships of the line of defence. I gave those ships that were within shot the signal for battle. The block ships Provosteen and Wagner, and immediately after these the Jutland, between which, and the block ship Dannebrog, the leading English ship (of 74 guns), fixed her station by throwing out one of her rear anchors, obeyed the signal by a well directed and well supported fire. By degrees, the rest of the ships came up, and as they sailed past on both sides of the ships already at anchor, they formed a thick line, as it stretched northwards to the ship of the line the Zealand, engaged not more than two thirds of the line of defence committed to me, while the Three Crowns Battery, and the block ships Elephant and Mars, did not come at all, and the frigate Hielperen, was not at all in the action.

In half an hour the battle was general. Ten ships of the line, among which was one of 80 guns, the rest chiefly 74's, and from six to eight frigates on the one side. On the other, seven block ships, of which only one of 74 guns; the rest 64 and under, two frigates and six small vessels. This was the respective strength of the two parties. The enemy had on the whole two ships to one, and the block ship Provesteen had, besides a ship of the line, and the Rear-Admiral, two frigates against her by whom she was raked the whole time, without being able to return a shot.

If I only recapitulate historically what your Highness, and along with you a great portion of the citizens of Denmark and of Europe have seen, I may venture to call that an unequal combat, which was maintained and supported for four hours and a half with unexampled courage and effect, in which the fire of the superior force was so much weakened for an hour before the end of the battle, that several English ships, and particularly Lord Nelson's, were obliged to fire only single shots; that this hero, himself, in the middle and very heat of the battle, sent a flag of truce on shore to propose a cessation of hostilities; if I add that it was announced to me that two English ships of the line had struck, but being supported by the assistance of fresh ships, again hoisted their flags; I may, in such circumstances, be permitted to say, and I believe I may appeal to the enemy's own confession, that in this engagement Denmark's ancient naval reputation blazed forth with sush incredible splendor, that I thank heaven that all Europe are the witnesses of it.

Yet the scale, if not equal, did not decline far to the disadvantage of Denmark. The ships that were first and most obstinately attacked, even surrounded by the enemy, the incomparable Provosteen, fought till almost all her guns were dismounted. But these vessels were obliged to give way to superior force, and the Danish fire ceased along the whole line from North to South.

At half past eleven, the Dannebrog, ship of the line, which lay along-side Admiral Nelson, was set on fire, I repaired with my flag on board the Holstein, of the line, belonging to the North wing. But the Dannebrog kept her flag flying in spite of this disaster. At the end of the battle she had 270 men killed and wounded.

At half past two, the Holstein was so shattered, and had so many killed and wounded, and so many guns dismounted, that I then carried the penant to be hoisted instead of my flag, and went on shore to the battery of the Three Crowns, from which I commanded the North wing, which was slightly engaged with the division of Admiral Parker, 'till about four o'clock, when I received orders from your Royal Highness to put an end to the engagement.

Thus the quarter of the line of defence from the Three Crowns to the frigate Heilperen was in the power of the enemy, and the Heilperen thus finding herself alone, slipped her cables and steered to Stirbfen. The ship Elwin, which, after she had received many shots in the hull, and had her masts and rigging shot away, and had a great number killed and wounded, retreated within the Crowns. The gun-boats Nyburgh and Aggershuns, which last towed the former away, when near sinking, ran ashore; and the Gernershe floating battery which had suffered much, together with the block ship Dannebrog shortly after the battle blew up.

Besides the visible loss the enemy have suffered, I am convinced their loss in killed and wounded is considerable. The advantage the enemy have gained by their victory, too, consists merely in ships which are not fit for use, in spiked cannon and gun-powder damaged by sea-water.

The number of killed and wounded cannot yet be exactly ascertained; but I calculate it from 16 to 1800 men. Among the former it is with grief that I mention the captains of the blockship, Indorsforetten; and the frigate Cronburgh, capt. Tharab, and first Lieutenant Haunch, with several other brave officers. Among the wounded, the commander of the Dannebrog, who besides other wounds has lost his right hand.

I want expressions to do justice to the unexampled courage of the officers and crews. The battle itself can only enable you to form an idea of it.

(Signed) OLFERT FISCHER.

At the Docke, April 3, 1801.

American Intelligence.

Catskill, May 4.—Last Saturday, as Mr. Jacobus Beesemore, of Acre, was riding into this town on a loaded waggon, while driving down a hill, the horses ran off a steep bank, (their bits giving way) which threw him out of the waggon, and one of the wheels, passing over his head or neck, put a period to his existence, almost instantaneously.

Yesterday afternoon, a large and valuable barn belonging to Dr. Peter Benham of Oakhill, opposite this Landing, was struck with lightning, and together with considerable corn, grain, some hay, and six calves, was consumed.

Philadelphia, May 17.—Yesterday morning a female infant child, supposed to be born about 4 hours before 8 o'clock, was found in a coffin, back of Bush-hill, in the Northern Liberties, placed inside of the yard of a Mr. Phillips. Upon examination before the coroner, and a jury summoned for the purpose, it was their presentment, that from the marks of violence on the side and throat of the infant, that it had been deprived of life by some person or persons unknown. The infant had the appearance of health and strength at the time of its birth, the coffin in which it was deposited, (and which appeared to be made previous to its birth), was made of stained poplar, except a small piece of the lid and the under part thereof sweet gum. The infant was wrapped in a muslin cloth, on one part of which was marked the letters E. H. It had on an old muslin shift of a small size.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE!

Dedham, May 19.—A Mr. Jason Fairbanks, whose age is about 21 years, and Miss Elizabeth Fales, of respectable families, both born and had lived near the centre of this town, had for a considerable time entertained an attachment towards each other. But it seems some obstacle had been in their way, either to an union in marriage, or to a tranquil enjoyment of their courtship. They had this day met, it seems, by agreement, in a thicket of birches, about 100 rods from her father's house, where they had frequently met before, to come (as he says) to a final determination. What particulars here passed between them previous to the com-

mission of the tragic acts, are uncertain. But, to the horror and consternation of her parents, and to the sympathizing grief of every one susceptible of the feelings of humanity, about 3 o'clock yesterday he came to their house, (where he had unusually been before) all reeking with blood and holding out at the same time, a knife, yet warm with the crimson, to some one of the family!—with which, he said, *Eliza* had killed herself, and that she then lay dead in the birches (pointing to the spot), and that he had attempted to do the same with himself, but was unable!—The amazement, the heart distracting anguish, which seized on the parents, brothers and sisters of the hapless victim, at such a sight and relation, can better be conceived than described —when, hastening to the fatal place, they found indeed, his melancholy tale but too true—*Eliza* wreathing in her blood; when a few struggles and gasps finished the last sad efforts of her nature! Her body was cruelly mangled having been stabbed in sundry places, cuts on her arm and hand, and her throat cut in a most shocking manner! Her piteous plaints were distinctly heard near a quarter of a mile, by a number of young women, who knew her voice! Her companion, though he had walked to the house, had his own throat cut, with various stabs in his breast, bowels, &c. yet this morning, 8 o'clock (May 29) we hear, he is still alive, but in a most deplorable situation!—A Coroner's Inquisition sat on the body of the deceased; but farther particulars of this horrid, unprecedented catastrophe are at pressnt purposely omitted.

Troy, May 20.—On the evening of the 14th inst. between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, some wickedly-disposed person, intending murder, discharged a shot at Dr. Edward Davis, of Stillwater, through his window, as he was preparing medicine for his patients; the contents of which he received in the abdomen, but fortunately in an oblique direction. The day following, ten shot and three large slugs weighing about an ounce, were extracted by Dr. Louden of Troy, leaving 6 large wounds: But as they did not completely perforate into the cavity of the bowels it is expected he will recover.

Domestic Occurrences.

The following is the list of Assemblymen for the City and County of New-York:

Thomas Storm, John Broome, Samuel Osgood, George Warner, Peter Elting, Elias Nexsen, Henry Rutgers, B. Livingston, Thomas Farmar, James Hunt, Ezekiel Robins, Philip I. Arcularius, William Few.

On Friday the 22d inst. the distillery of John C. Ehinger in Cross-street near the Collect, took fire, which by the spirited exertions of the firemen was prevented from communicating to the adjoining buildings.

We are extremely sorry to add that Mr. Ehinger was so much burnt that he expired next day.

25th, This afternoon a large sack, containing to appearance something bulky, was observed floating in one of Rhinelanders docks on the North river. After considerable time curiosity led one of the bye-standers to examine it, when to the surprize and horror of a number present, it was found to contain the body of a man, with both legs and one arm cut off—the abdomen ripped open and sewed up again; and in other ways shockingly bruised.

About six o'clock this evening, a violent gust of wind, attended with a torrent of rain and severe lightning and thunder, did much damage; the lightning struck two or three houses near the corner of Cedar and Greenwich-streets, and damaged them considerably; also a vessel in Coenties-slip was struck, and the mast shivered to pieces. One of the Brooklyn Ferry Boats, with 14 passengers was upset, and before any assistance could reach them from the shore 7 were drowned. One of whom was Mr. Charles Holmes Merchant of Maiden-Lane. A house blown down on Ellis's island, a man named Jacob Formell a fisherman, was killed and another badly wounded. The barracks on Jibbit Island were blown down in the same gale.

26th, A corpse was found in a dock at the foot of Pine-street. The body had the appearance of having lain some weeks in the water. This person is supposed to be one M'Farlane a taylor, and to have fallen, through intoxication into the river.

Marriages.

May 2.—By the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. George Griswold, merchant, to Miss Eliza Woodhull, only daughter of the late Mr. James Woodhull, merchant of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. John Townley, Mr. Abraham Cargil, to Miss Matilda Patterson, both of this city.

Same evening, at Brooklyn, Mr. Elkanah Mott, to Miss Abby Sebring, both of that place.

At Trenton, Mr. Ely Augustus Vallett, late Chaplain of the Ganges Sloop of War, to Miss Ruth Nice, of that city.

3*d*.—At Newark, by the Rev. Uzal Ogden, Mr. Michael Paff, to Miss Maria Antoinette Delacroix, both of this city.

5*th*.—By the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. David T. Fisher, merchant, to Miss Eliza M. Duryee, daughter of Mr. Charles Duyree, all of this city.

7*th*.—At Philadelphia, by the Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, Robert Goodloe Harper, Esq. to Miss Carroll, daughter of Charles Carroll, Esq. of Carrolton.

8*th*.—At Baltimore, Mr. M. H. Duval, of Prince-George County, aged seventeen, to Mrs. Allen, aged fifty, widow of the late Zachariah Allen, Esq. of Baltimore.

9*th*.—By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Robert Allsopp of Quebec, to Miss Sarah Morris, late of Montreal, in Canada.

Same evening by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Nathan Sanford, Esq. to Miss Eliza Van Horne, both of this city.

19*th*.—By the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Grant Thorburn, merchant, to Miss Hannah Whortenby, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. George Kaylor, to Miss Catharine Frederick, both of this city.

14*th*.—By the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. C. Meirs, merchant, to Miss Eliza C. Kunzie, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Stephen Van Cortland, Esq. to Miss Jane Beekman, eldest daughter of James Beekman, Esq. of this city.

16th.—By the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. William I. Guest, to Miss Julian Priest, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. William Dyke, to Miss Mary Earl, both of this city.

17th.—At Hempstead, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Carman Rettimore, to Mrs. Ruth Paine, both of that place.

24th.—Mr. John M'Kay, Grocer, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Riddle, both of this city.

Deaths.

At Charlestown, the 7th inst. John Mc Iver, Esq. Printer, joint proprietor of the City Gazette.

May 9th.—Miss Loviny Skinner, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Skinner, of Albany, aged 20 years:

12th.—Departed this life in the 46th year of his age, David Van Horne, Esq. late Adjutant General of the State of New-York. His remains were interred with military honours—the ceremonies were performed by the 6th Regiment.—The Pall was supported by Governor Clinton, Major General Hamilton, Brig. Gen. Hughes, Brig. Gen. Stevens, Brig. Gen. Gates, Col. Smith, Col. Fish, and Capt Hammond, all Members of the Cincinnati, to which Society the deceased belonged.—The funeral was attended by the Society of the Cincinnati, the Vice President of the United States, the Chancellor of the State, the Mayor and Corporation of the city, the Officers of the Brigades of Infantry and Cavalry, and the Regt. of Artillery, and a large concourse of citizens.

14th.—After a lingering illness in the 48th year of her age, Mrs. Frances Heyer, wife of Walter Heyer, of the customs.

Henry Troup, in the 47th year of his age, a native of Scotland who has resided in this city many years.